

An Old-Fashioned Dish.

If you can get a sheep's heart, try cooking it this way. Clean thoroughly, wrap the heart in a good short crust and bake it in a hot oven for an hour, reducing the heat at intervals. Another method is to boil the heart in a salt crust. In this case some brown sauce should be added.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

By ANN LISLE

Anne Goes Through Agony Over a Luncheon Check and Is Rescued in an Unexpected Manner.

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CHAPTER XLIV.

"FIVE dollars and sixty-five cents! Five dollars and sixty-five cents! That's what I'm going to pay for this luncheon! I had less than five dollars and a half."

What was I to do? The luncheon check was five dollars and the tip must be at least sixty cents more—and I had less than five dollars and a half.

Stealthily, under the table my hands were fumbling every compartment of my purse—but no blessed miracle had converted the five dollar bill and three dimes and two nickels into one cent more than had figured it in my first flush of terror.

I had no credit at Carver's. I was unknown there. And I had nothing I could offer as security for a loan at the desk—and supposing they would contemplate advancing me any money. I wore no jewelry—nothing but the plain gold band on my marriage finger, and I was wearing my cold hands together in my lap and touched my wedding ring. I spurred myself anew to think of some way out—some way that would not humiliate my Jim.

For his sake I couldn't ask Virginia to lend me the money—and in

the midst of my desperation I felt relieved because it was clearly not my duty to blame myself before her. Most certainly I didn't want to.

But something must be done. Desperately I stared around the room, searching for some inspiration. All about me were smiling, smartly dressed men and women. Probably in all that room there was no one else to whom one dollar meant the difference between misery and happiness.

Suddenly, out of that mass of indifferent, unknown, mask-like faces, one detached itself and became real. Sheldon Blake's eyes caught mine, as he leaned forward from a distant table and lifted his goblet of water in greeting.

Hardly was my transaction concluded when Sheldon Blake came striding over to the table.

"Hello, Mrs. Jimmie," said he. "Will you let a thirsty and lonely man have a drink of water? Those money-grubbing friends of mine don't understand the joys of a leisurely luncheon."

The story. This is such a nice opportunity to have you meet my new sisters," I said, and presented him to Virginia and Phoebe.

Then, all in a moment, Sheldon's desire for a "leisurely cup of coffee" was explained. He wanted it with Virginia. He didn't make the slightest effort to conceal his tremendous admiration for Mrs. Dalton—and Virginia's indifference coupled with Phoebe's utter lack of amazement, told me something more to add to my list of "notes" about this almost unrecognizable sister-in-law of mine. Virginia had a great deal of charm—of lure—for men. Could that be what had separated her from her father?

My speculations were interrupted by the arrival of the check, which Sheldon calmly appropriated and signed. After all my agony over the inglorious missing dollar—after the actual ordeal of asking Virginia for help—came this absurd, yet perfectly proper ending.

Virginia rose.

And when Virginia rose to leave, Sheldon insisted on putting his car at her disposal, and phoned just before 5 to explain almost apologetically that he was detained at the office, but was sending his car and chauffeur around to call on us. And Virginia's illuminating comment when I came and told her, was:

"How kind. He must really be quite devoted to you and Jim."

I never noticed it before. I replied, smiling, remembering the time Jim had almost affiliated himself with a gang of thieves down in the street—and Sheldon had made no move to stop him.

"You'll have dinner with us tonight—won't you, girls?" I asked when the car deposited me at my door an hour later.

"A nice little family party," asked Virginia in a tone that was almost friendly. "We'll be glad to come to get away from hotels and to test the housekeeping Jim boasts about."

That left me in a warm glow of delight—over which a shower of cold water was destined to be cast before long. As I was summoned to the phone in the midst of peeling potatoes, and Phoebe's voice whispered:

"See says she's so tired she just can't go out again tonight—so will you please come here to dinner instead?"

I knew Jim would want me to accept. But as I turned from the phone, hard on my own "Yes," two doubts came to assail me:

Had Virginia seen through my flimsy little ruse, and being so careless with money—was she asking us to be her guests at the Rochambeau because she suspected that my proud Jim could hardly afford to entertain us?

And—did her invitation include Neal?

(To be continued.)

paltry missing dollar—but I couldn't do it.

I must return and ask Virginia for the money. However that hurt me, it could be managed, and in a way that need not reflect on Jim.

And so I went back and told Virginia a little "white lie" about my chronic carelessness in money matters, and how it had sent me out with a ridiculously small amount of money that morning.

"We'll all do those things now and then. May I lend you \$5 or \$10, Anne?" she asked in an even, untroubled voice. Ordinarily that tone of hers from me. Now it saved me humiliation, and did the careless, matter-of-fact way she slipped a bill into my hand under cover of the tablecloth.

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(To be continued.)

To Wear With the Suit

SOME ECONOMICAL SUGGESTIONS

By Rita Stuyvesant

THESE are busy days for the American woman with her war work and political debut, and busy women require serviceable and practical clothes. Something that one can wear day in and day out without showing the "wear and tear" of these strenuous days.

Every woman finds that a tailored suit keeps her well dressed, but must be accompanied by some sort of a scarf at the days grow cold. This season the shops are exploiting some unusually attractive accessories that combine surprisingly well with a street suit.

Among the most original of those I have seen was a stunning cap and scarf of dark burgundy duvetyn brightened with gay little velvet flowers. Just like things to slip on with a suit or one-piece frock when going outdoor work.

The scarf was about a yard and a half long and about twelve inches wide. It was faced with self material and was drawn high about the throat fastening at the left side. One broad strip hung down the front, the other end being tucked into a brooch at the waist. The scarf shade was combined with deep purple. A tassel of the wool was used at the bottom and proved very interesting.

To wear with this war-time scarf there was a smart cap, also brightened with wool embroidery. It was made over a small buckram and had a trim turned back of the face. A pretty ornate bud was placed at the top of the crown, and there were several buds embroidered.

ered on the brim. What could be more attractive than this original set.

Well-dressed women like purple or overcast green this season, and this pretty scarf and cap set would be delightful in either of these colors. Broadcloth, pompon velours or Jersey are all suitable for this model.

Smart lines and clever combinations are the dominating features of new muffs and neckpieces that are being shown on the "avenue." Black satin combined surprisingly well with caracul cloth for a good looking and comfortable muff. A cosy neck piece also accompanied the set.

To copy the muff, buy a "muff" as you find the shops. The football shape is the most popular this year. Cut a strip of black satin long enough to go around the muff, and broad enough to reach from hand to hand. Seam this material together neatly and shir it closely at both ends, having a narrow frill. Pierce a slit in the satin to the "bed" at the sides. A strip of caracul about six inches wide was sewed around the muff at the center and the neck piece was fastened to the muff with a deep collar of caracul cloth lined with the black satin and fastened with the grey chamois.

This same model might also be developed in a lovely taupe grey chamois, combined with soft squirrel fur. A deep frill of the chamois at the ends would add charm to the muff. The tiny neck piece of squirrel should be interlined with flannel if desired and lined with the grey chamois.

Quickly Made Meals

By LORETTO C. LYNCH.

THESE days when the wife slaved home all day and the husband is busy have gone by, and perhaps to only a few of us will they ever return. Women who never worked out of the house before have entered the various fields of work and a new problem in house-keeping has come to many. It is the problem of having a nice, warm, nourishing meal when one returns in the evening from a day of good, hard work. And unless workers arrange to have at least one warm, nourishing meal a day they will not be at their best very long.

"That's all right to talk about," said a woman who works in a factory recently. "But when one works hard all day long she does not feel like coming home and cooking a big meal. Anything but to do."

But I noticed that this woman who began to neglect to have warm, nourishing meals was the first one in the neighborhood to fall ill. And it is only reasonable to suppose that her neglect weakened her body's resistance to disease. Now, with a little planning a woman can have a warm meal ready or almost ready, for herself and family when she returns home in the evening.

In the first place, the meal must be of such a character that it may all be put upon one plate. For a woman who has done a day's worth of war work should reduce dish-washing to a minimum. A good refrigerator and a fireless cooker are wonderful aids.

If you write to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, you can get complete directions for making a fireless cooker at home. Any twelve-year-old boy who can use a few tools could follow these directions. Then there are a host of cookbooks on the market that may be purchased at a fair price, either for cash or on the deferred payment plan. Some of these cookbooks contain recipes for the fireless cooker, and some as well as both. Every cookbook selling them will give explicit directions for their use, as well as a number of excellent recipes. In general, the food is heated to the boiling point and then placed in the cooker. At the end of ten or twelve hours it is perfectly cooked and ready to serve.

But if you have not a fireless, suppose you cook a double quantity of boiled potatoes on Monday evening. Serve one-half of them with

cooked ham from the delicatessen. Dipping the ham in boiling water for a few moments will warm it. With this you might serve canned spinach or Liberty cabbage.

If the workers are outdoor workers it may be necessary to add to this meal some hot canned beans. Fresh fruit served at a natural will help finish off the meal and also keep the workers in good physical condition.

The following night it takes but a few moments to dice the remaining potatoes, which have been kept in the refrigerator. If you have a fresh milk, try making a white sauce of half a cup of evaporated milk and half a cup of water poured over two level tablespoons each of flour and butter which have been rubbed together in a small saucepan. Boil, stirring constantly until the sauce cooks, then add half a level teaspoon of salt. With these creamed potatoes you might serve hot canned salmon and green peas.

Whenever you have a little money to spend on delicacies, try to buy fresh fruit or canned fruit not so much a luxury, but quite necessary to the diet. Every woman will do well to bear this in mind when she goes to purchase. It is much wiser to purchase 15 cents' worth of round fruit than to expend the same money for a baker's cake made only too often of questionable material under the best of circumstances.

With these few serving ideas which has been wrapped in cheese cloth and boiled in water to which a tablespoon of vinegar has been added for twenty minutes, you can, for a quick snack or soup, heat a can of thick tomato soup and pour it over the fish.

An Asset.

A minister was assigned to a small parish not long ago, and upon his arrival found his new field of labor all that could be desired, with the exception of old Bill Johnson. Any twelve-year-old boy who can use a few tools could follow these directions. Then there are a host of cookbooks on the market that may be purchased at a fair price, either for cash or on the deferred payment plan. Some of these cookbooks contain recipes for the fireless cooker, and some as well as both. Every cookbook selling them will give explicit directions for their use, as well as a number of excellent recipes. In general, the food is heated to the boiling point and then placed in the cooker. At the end of ten or twelve hours it is perfectly cooked and ready to serve.

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Looking Down on Others Is Not the Way to Make Them Look Up

Madazine Page

When Fur Comes Into Its Own



Puss in Boots Jr.

By David Cory.

"F I wonder where Puss Junior is?"

He sang the name of the Merry Laughs as he whistled to his little yellow bird in her cage.

You see, all the strange people whom Puss has met on his many journeys of adventure wondered where this dear little cat could have gone. They didn't know, like you and me, that he was safe at home with his father, the Major Domo to Mr. Lord and Lady Carabas.

"Where do you suppose Puss Junior is?" said Merry Laughs again, and then he gave a great sigh, and all the crystals on the great chandelier shook and echoed. "Where do you suppose Puss Junior is?" said Merry Laughs again, and then he gave a great sigh, and all the crystals on the great chandelier shook and echoed. "Where do you suppose Puss Junior is?" said Merry Laughs again, and then he gave a great sigh, and all the crystals on the great chandelier shook and echoed.

A full
sateen
lined
cape
coat
of
mole
with a
flat-
crowned
hat of
the same
fur.
The hat
to the left
has
crush
crown
of
fur bands
and metal
brocade
ribbon.

Photos by International.

Advice to the Married

By Aunt Sophie.

We have a lovely little home. All bought on the installment plan. And every night when home I turn on the lights.

I see the same installment man. With that same bill I have to pay before I knock on the door. And then Puss said, "Heigh-ho, but I'm tired."

"Where you traveled far?" asked Giant Merry Laughs, going to the cupboard and bringing out a pitcher of milk. And then he filled a saucer and gave it to Puss. And after that, he was summoned to the kitchen by his wife, who was wailing her wailers with the pocket handkerchief which his dear father had given him on leaving the castle, and then he began to sing.

"All the way from the castle of my Lord and Lady Carabas," he said, with a grin. "Look how dusty my boots are."

And then the little yellow bird began to sing.

"With your magic sword and your feathered hat," I'm the strange little bird who has been your friend. Before you came to your journey's end."

"Are you?" said Puss. "I'm so glad to see you. For I remember so many times how you sang to me what to do, but never could I catch sight of your golden feathers." And in the next story you shall hear what happened.

To Be Continued.

(Copyright, 1918, David Cory.)

When a Kiss Is a Kiss

A modest maiden should at once return a kiss.

"Kiss" comes from the Anglo-Saxon "Cyssan."

A kiss once formed an authorized part of the marriage ceremony.

Kissing in railway carriages was prohibited in Bavaria before the war.

To "Kiss the Gunner's Daughter" on board ship means to be tied to the breech of a cannon and flogged.

Britons are alleged to be the worst kissers and Italians the best.

Pilgrims never kissed the Pope's toe; they kissed a cross embroidered on the papal slipper.

To "kiss the Book" when taking the oath in a court of justice is not necessary to the validity of the oath.

Mrs. Dusenbury can pay cash, so much the better, and if she can't pay cash she will in time learn to do without the article in question. One of the greatest objections to the installment plan is that it induces foolish little wives to buy things they cannot really afford. True, because she is constantly receiving letters from young married people in which either the husband or the wife makes a moan about the curse of the installment plan.

So deeply does Aunt Sophie feel on this subject that she has dashed off a little poem for the benefit of Mrs. Dan Dusenbury, which Dan ought to show his wife:

I hope that every married woman will pause before she buys on time.

Because the practice is inhuman. And takes the husband's last thin dime.

In time to come 'twill seem disgrace. To buy without the cash—or sell. This world will be a happier place When no collectors ring the bell.

Not So Very Sudden!

Her little brother was entertaining in the front room the young man who had just called.

"Look here," he said, suddenly, "are you going to propose to my sister tonight?"

"Why, I—er—what do you mean?" asked the youth, with some agitation.

"Oh, nothing," only if you are, you aren't going to surprise her. She's been in to go to bed at half-past seven. She's hung four Cupid pictures on the drawing-room wall, moved the sofa over to the darkest corner, got up and made to promise to go out next door, and has shut the door in the cellar. You'll get her all right, only if she starts talking 'bout it being sudden, tell her it don't work with you. See?"

The Ideal Man.

"My ideal husband," said the girl who had been reading novelettes, "must be a strong, silent man, full of grit, and able to bear the heat and burden of the day without flinching, one who will not hear a word said about me and will never utter a word against me himself."

"What you want," answered her friend, "is a deaf and dumb coal-heaver."

This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the birth in 1841 of the late King Edward VII, father of the present ruler of Great Britain. It was largely due to King Edward's tact and far-sightedness that the alliance between France and England became one of the barriers of civilization against the onslaughts of the Hun.

The "Zepp's" Passenger

AN EXCITING AND ROMANTIC NEW SPY SERIAL

Lessingham Declares His Love to Philippa and Offers to Sacrifice Country For Her Sake.

"I may have to at any moment," he admitted, "or to some more distant country still. I want something to take back with me."

"You want a keepsake, of course," Philippa declared, looking around the room. "You can have my photograph—the one over there. Helen will give you one of hers, too. I am sure, if you ask her. She is just as grateful to you about Richard as I am."

"But from you," he said earnestly. "I want more than gratitude."

"Dear me, how persistent you are!" Philippa murmured. "Are you really determined to make love to me?"

"Ah, don't mock me!" he begged. "What I am saying to you comes from my heart."

Philippa laughed at him quietly. There was just a little break in her voice, however.

"Don't be absurd."

"There is nothing absurd about it," he replied, with a note of sadness in his tone. "I felt it from the moment we met. I struggled against it, but I have felt it growing day by day. I came here with my mind filled with different purposes. I had no thought of amusing myself, no thought of seeking here the happiness which up till now I seem to have missed. I came as a servant because I was sent, a mechanical being. You have changed everything. For you I feel what I have never felt for any woman before. I place before you my career, my freedom, my honor."

Philippa sighed very softly. "Do you mind ringing the bell?" she begged.

"The bell?" he repeated. "What for?"

"I want Helen to hear you," she confessed, with a wonderful little smile.

"Philippa, don't mock me," he pleaded. "If this is only amusement to you, tell me so and let me go away. It is the first time in my life that a woman has come between me and my work. I am no longer master of myself. I am a slave to you. I want nothing else in life but your love."

There was an almost startling change in Philippa's face. The hands which had served her with so much effect, which she had relied upon as her defensive weapon, were suddenly useless. Lessingham had created an atmosphere around him, an atmosphere of sincerity.

"Are you in earnest?" she faltered. "God knows I am," he insisted. "You—you care for me?"

"So much," he answered passionately. "that for your sake I would sacrifice my honor, my country, my life."

"But I've only known you for such a short time," Philippa protested, "and you're an enemy."

"I discard my birth. I renounce my adopted country," he declared. "You have swept my life clear of every scrap of ambition and patriotism. You have filled it with one thing only—a great, consuming love."

"Are you forgetting my husband?"

"Do you think that if he had been a different sort of man I should have dared to speak? Ask yourself how you can continue to live with him? You can call him what you will. Both are equally disgraceful. Your heart knows the truth. He is either a coward or a philosopher."

Philippa's cheeks were suddenly white. Her eyes flashed. His words had stung her to the quick.

"A coward," he repeated furiously. "You dare to call Henry that?"

Lessingham rose abruptly to his feet. He moved restlessly about the room. His fists were clenched, his tone thick with passion.

Lessingham denounced Sir Henry.

"I do," he pronounced. "Philippa, look at this! There is nothing but a single man of my country, of your husband's age and rank, who would be content to crawl the seas for fish to live with his wife. He is being drained dry! Who would weigh a codling?" he added, pointing scornfully to the scales. "Whilst the funeral march of his race is beating throughout the world! The thing is insensate, impossible!"

Philippa's head drooped. Her hands were nervously intertwined.

"Don't," she pleaded. "I have suffered so much."

"Forgive me," he begged, with a sudden change of voice. "If I am mistaken in your husband—and there is always the chance—I am sorry. I will confess that I myself had a different opinion of him, but I can only judge from what I have seen from afar. There is one man in the world who would not agree with me that your husband is unworthy of you."

"Oh, please stop!" Philippa cried.

"Stop at once! Nothing," he repeated. "Lessingham came back to his place by her side. His voice was still shaking, but it had grown very soft.

"Philippa, forgive me," he repeated. "If you only knew how it hurts to see you like this! Yet I must speak. The fire is just on every man's lifetime when he must tell the truth. That time has come with me—I love you."

"So does my husband," she murmured.

"I will only remind you, then, that he shows it in strange fashion," Lessingham continued. "He sets your wife at defiance. He would place like this is only an object of contempt in the neighborhood. Even I, who have only lived here for so short a time, have caught the burden of what people say."

Philippa wiped her eyes.

"Please do not mind," she begged.

"Not saying anything more about Henry. You are only reminding me of things which I try all the time to forget."

"Believe me," Lessingham answered wistfully. "I am only too content to ignore him, to forget that he exists, to remember only that you are the woman who has changed my life."

Ceasing his conversation.

Philippa looked at him in some thing like dismay, rather like a child who has started an engine which she has no idea how to stop. "But you must not—you must not talk to me like this!"

His hand closed upon hers. It lay in his grasp, unyielding, cold, yet passive.

"Why not?" he whispered. "I have the one unalterable right, and I am willing to pay the great price."

"Right?" she faltered.

"The right of loving you—the right of loving you better than any woman in the world."

There was a queer silence, only partly due, as she was instantly aware, to emotion of the moment. A door behind them had opened. Philippa's quicker senses had recognized her husband's footsteps. Lessingham rose deliberately to his feet. In his heart he welcomed the interruption. This might, perhaps, be the decisive moment. Sir Henry was strolling toward them. His manner and his tone, however, were alike unaltered.

"I was to order you into the billiard room, Mr. Lessingham," he announced. "Sir Henry has been sent for—night route march, or some such horror—and they want you to make a tour."

Lessingham hesitated. He had a passionate inclination to face the situation, to tell this man the truth. Sir Henry's courteous indifference, however, was like a barrier. He recognized the inevitable.

"I am afraid I am rather out of practice," he said. "But I shall be delighted to do my best."

CHAPTER XIV.

Sir Henry in Sullen Mood.

Sir Henry was obviously not in the best of tempers. For a mild-mannered and easy-going man, his expression was scarcely normal.

"That fellow was making love to you," he said bluntly, as soon as the door was closed behind Lessingham.

Philippa looked up at her husband with an air of pleasant candor.

"He was doing it very nicely, too," she admitted.

"You mean to say that you let him?"

"I listened to what he had to say," she confessed.

"He didn't occur to you, I suppose," said Sir Henry, with a somewhat strained sarcasm. "That you were another man's wife?"

"I am doing my best to forget that fact," Philippa reminded him. "And he is to help you."

"I shall turn a fellow out of the house," he declared.

Philippa shrugged her shoulders. "Why don't you?"

"He seated himself on the couch by his wife's side."

"Look here, Philippa, don't let's wrangle," he begged. "I'm afraid you'll have to make up your mind to see a fellow who is not of your friend Lessingham, anyway."

Philippa's brows were knitted. She was conscious of a vague uneasiness.

"Really? And why?"

"For one thing," her husband explained, "because I don't intend to have him hanging about my house during my absence."

"You mean that to prevent that would be not to go away," Philippa suggested.

"Well, in all probability," he answered guardedly, "not going away again—at least not just yet."

Philippa's manner suddenly changed. She laid down her work. Her hand rested lightly upon her husband's arm.

"You mean that you are going to give up those horrible fishing excursions of yours?"

"For the present I am," he assured her.

"And are you going to do something—some work. I mean?" she asked breathlessly.

"For the immediate present I am going to stay at home and look after you," he replied.

Philippa's face fell. Her manner became notably colder.

Lessingham universally popular.

"You are very wise," she declared. "Mr. Lessingham is a most fascinating person. We are all half in love with him—even Helen."

"The fellow must have a way with him," Sir Henry conceded grudgingly. "As a rule the people here are not over-enthusiastic. There are less than five have immediate connections in the neighborhood. Even Griffiths, who since they made him commandant, is a man of many suspicions, seems inclined to accept him."

"Captain Griffiths dined here the other night," Philippa remarked. "And I noticed that he and Mr. Lessingham seemed to get on very well."

"The fellow's all right in his way, no doubt," Sir Henry began.

"Of course he is," Philippa interrupted. "Helen likes him quite as much as I do."

"Does he make love to Helen, too?" Sir Henry ventured.

"Don't talk nonsense!" Philippa retorted. "He isn't that sort of a man at all. If he has made love to me, he has done so as a friend. I have encouraged him, and if I have encouraged him, it is your fault."

Sir Henry, with an impatient exclamation, rose from his place and took a cigarette from an open box.

(To Be Continued Monday.)

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